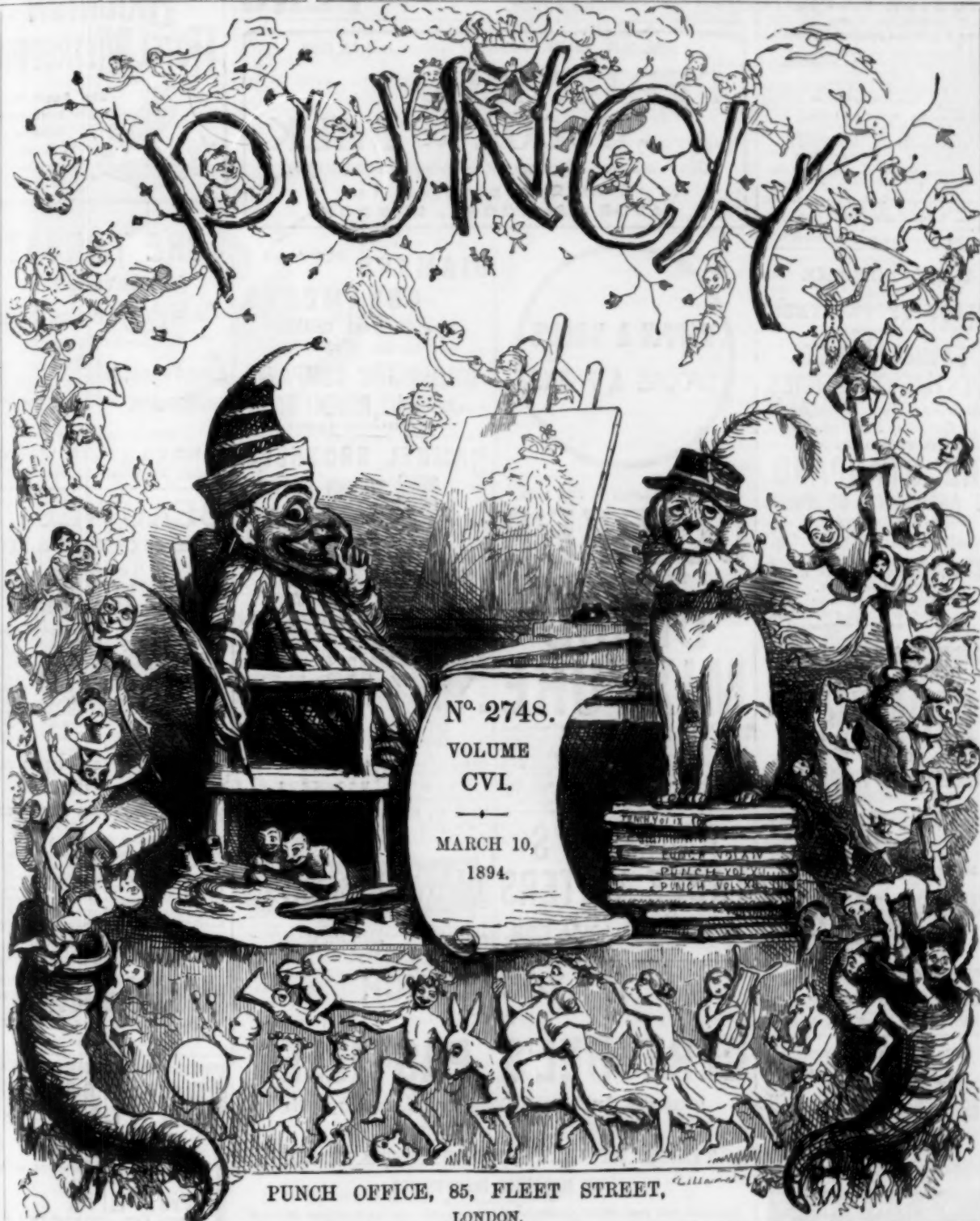


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SHE-NOTES.

BY BORGIA SMUDGITON.

With Japanese Fan de Siècle Illustrations by Mortarthurio Whiskersly.

"My Soozie! My Toozie! My Soozie!"

It is the voice of a man, and he sings. He has grey eyes, and wears a grey Norfolk-broad. They accentuate one another; the pine-trees also accentuate his fishing-rod. His hum blends with the bleating of the *Bufo vulgaris* and the cooing of *Coleoptera*.

Beside a fallen pine lies a woman (*genus*, in fact, *muliebre*).



Where the tree fell there she lies. Her fresh animal instinct sniffs the music-hall refrain; the footlights of the Pavillon Rouge mix rather weirdly with a vision, just rudely interrupted, of terra-cottas from Tanagra. Not every woman thinks of these things in a wood.

The male is a student of the Eternal Femininity. Already, while still out of gunshot, he has noticed her wedding-ring and the diamond keeper. "Talking of keepers," he begins, with the affected drawl now sufficiently familiar to the reader, "are we trespassing here?" She replies in her frank unembarrassed way. "Better ask a p'leeceman," she says. (A lady, obviously! Worth cultivating? Bet your braces!)

"After trout, you know. Any local tips in flies?" A rare smile comes with her ready answer. "Pick-me-ups" after a heavy night; "Henry Clays" after lunch; "spotted cocktails" for the evening. Like a "coachman" myself; sometimes find them quite killing!" "Happy coachman!"

A chill comes over the sylvan scene with these reckless words. She has gathered her cream-coloured mittens about her wrists; the contrast at once strikes him; in the subdued evening light he can see that her hands are unwashed. She bows coolly, and is off across the stream like a water-snake.

She is lounging nervously on the edge of the parlour-grate. There are two (an acute observer would say three) furrows on her forehead. "Off your pipe, old chappie? Feel a bit cheap?" (It is her husband who speaks in this way.) "Yes, beastly, thanks, old man!" "Try a nip o' whiskey. No soda; soda for boys. There, that's right! Buck up! What's your book?" "Oh! one of WILDE's little things. I like WILDE; he shocks the middle classes. Only the middle classes are so easily shocked!" He smiles a gentle, dull smile. There is a long pause; he cannot follow her swift eternally feminine fancy. "What's it now, old buffer? A brass for your thoughts!" "I was thinking, little woman, of a filly foal I once had. She grew up to be a mare. I never would have let anyone on God's beautiful earth ride her." "I'd have ridden her!" "No, you wouldn't!" "Yes, I would!" (passionately and concentratedly). "Well, I sold her anyway. Lucky the beast isn't here now to spoil our conjugal unity!" The crisis had past. Another moment and she might have left him for ever lonely and forlorn! But in a twinkling her wild, free instinct doubles at a tangent. With a supple bound she is on his shoulders curling her lithe fishing boots into one of his waistcoat pockets. Surely gipsy blood runs in her veins!

"Oh! I wish I were a devil" (it is the lady speaking); "yes, a d-e-v-i-l!" "But you *are*, old woman, you *are*! and such a dear little devil!" "Say it again, old man!" (kissing him fiercely in the left eye and worrying his ear like a ferret), "I love to hear you

call me that. We women yearn for praise!" "You're a rare brick, old dear; and you're never jealous. Look at that photo of the other girl! Some women would have cut up rough about it. But you—why, you sent her a quid when she was peckish, and she chewed it for a week! Was there ever such a little chip?"

(To be continued.)

THE SHOPLIFTER.

A SONG OF SWELL "KLEPTOMANIA."

AIR—"The Woodpecker."

I KNEW by her hair which so cunningly curled
About her keen face, the Shoplifter was near;
And I said, "If there's innocence found in this world
A shopkeeper simple might look for it here."

It was noon, and on seats that were scattered around
Gaily chatting reposed each fair shopping swell she;
Her face seemed at rest, and she made not a sound,
This Shoplifter "nicking" when no eye could see.

And "Here in this sumptuous store," I exclaimed,
"Sits this maid who is lovely, at least to the eye;
She would storm if I charged her, and blush if I blamed,
And swear that before being searched she would die."

Yet within her back pocket her hand as it dips
Deposits the "swag," this she-SIKES fair and fine;
And I know, when arrested, those innocent lips
Will swear that those trinkets are *hers*, which are *mine*.

Chorus:—

Yet she smiles there, at rest, and she makes not a sound,
This Shoplifter "nicking" when no eye may see.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron has been much interested in Mr. NORMAN LOCKYER'S *Dawn of Astronomy*, published by CASSELL. The gods, whether star-gods, or sun-gods, or any other gods, seem to have been invented pictorially by the same kind of inspired talent that painted "The Faithful Servant" on the wall of a cloister in Winchester College. There is no doubt whatever that the Egyptian Sun-day was observed as strictly or even more so than our Sunday is now-a-days; but whether all the shops were shut, and the taverns open only at certain hours, as in England, or whether the Egyptian Sun-day was kept (or not kept, in a Sabbatarian sense) as it is pretty generally abroad, the observant astronomer LOCKYER is unable to inform us. The chapter about Isis and Horus is most interesting, and specially at this time, when a symbolically-inclined Oxonian artist might represent Isis as nursing the Eight,—symbolised by a figure of Oarus instead of Horus,—preparatory to the aquatic contest between the two Universities. Delightful work is Mr. LOCKYER'S, and the illustrations excellent.

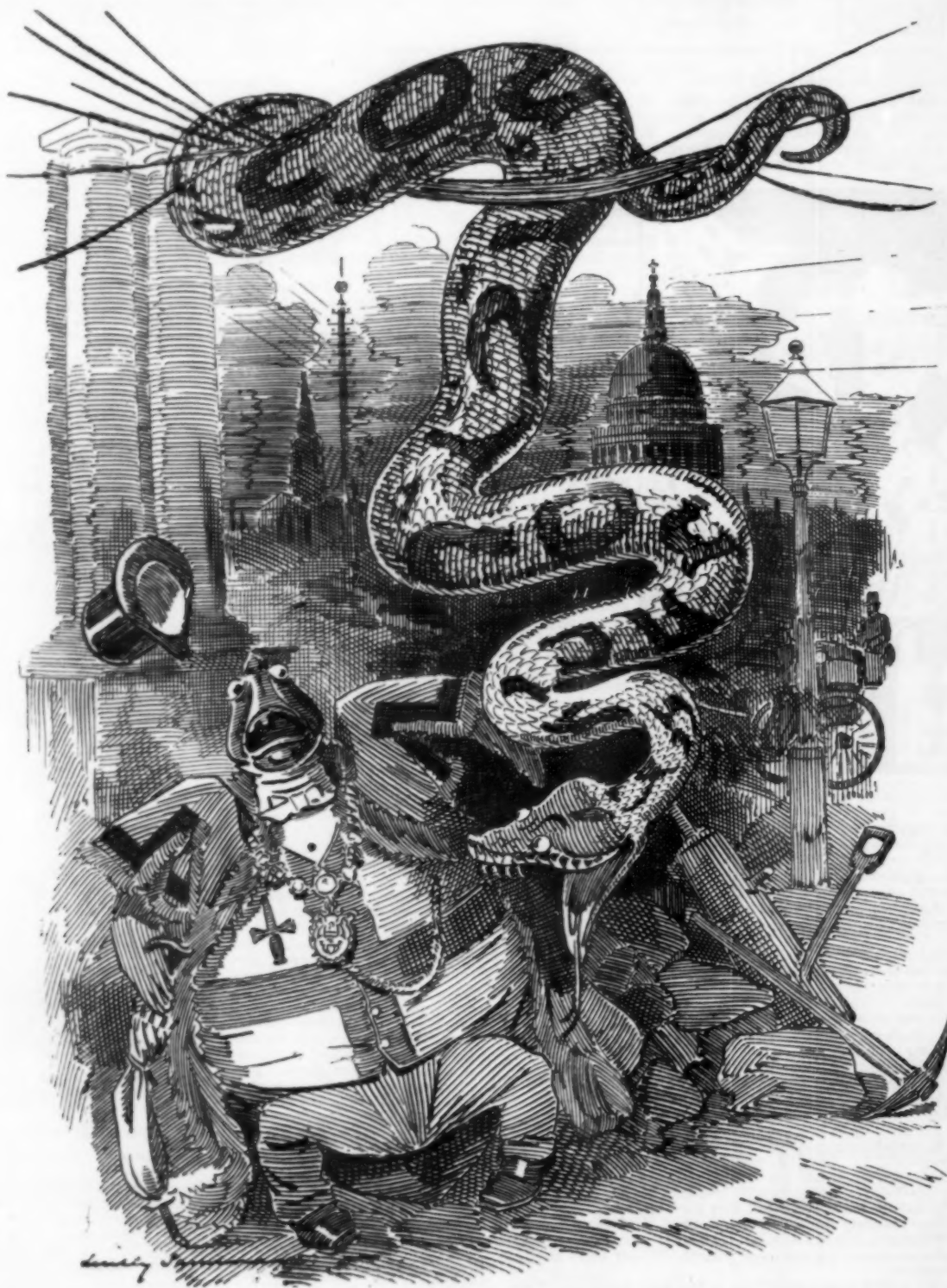


Isis nursing Oarus.
Ancient Egyptian Statue, appropriate to the Modern University Boat-race.

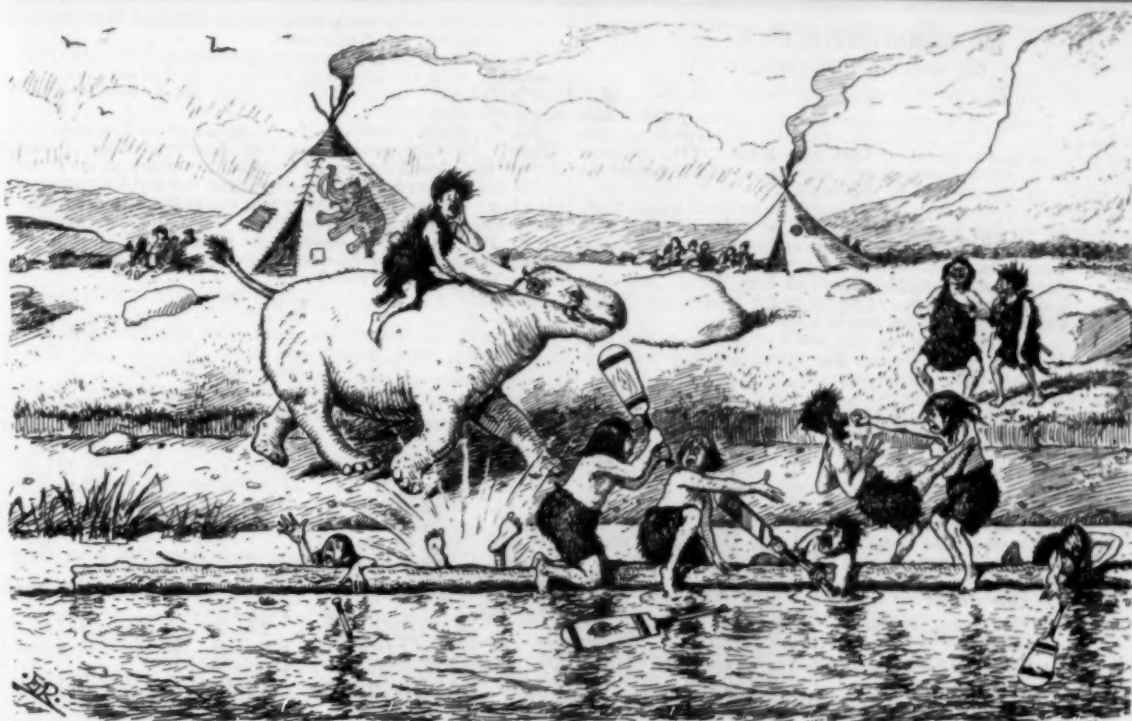
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE Grandmotherly Legislation Element in the County Council, as represented by the Rev. FLEMING WILLIAMS, wishes that licenses should be granted only to such Music Halls as will undertake to serve no liquors, except such as are of an unintoxicating character, "in the body of the Hall." Poor body!! Why, if this were to become the rule, the Music Halls would very soon have "no body" to serve.

Mrs. R. said that when a great friend of hers died, "he had a magnificent funeral *corsage*."



THE CIVIC TURTLE AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL BOA CONSTRICTOR.



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

"COACHING" FROM THE BANK WAS NO SINECURE EVEN IN THOSE DAYS. (THE "EIGHT" ALL SIXES AND SEVENS—AND ONLY A FEW DAYS TO THE RACE!)

AMALGAMATION.

["The County Council observes that there are two ways of amalgamating the City and the County of London—by extending the boundaries of the City until it becomes co-extensive with the County, and reforming the constitution while preserving the identity of the Corporation, and by creating a new Corporation for the whole County, into which the existing Corporation and County Council shall be absorbed. Not unnaturally, the second way is the one chosen by the County Council, though some will find it difficult to recognise the new Corporation as anything but the old County Council swollen by the deglutition of the City."—*The "Times" on the draft proposals of the London County Council for the amalgamation of the City and County of London.*]

Circ Turtle loquitor:—

GR-R-R-R! Amalgamation is it? Well I know them monstrous jaws

Want to swaller me, as *Langton Bennett* and poor *Rufus Dawes* (So the brave *BON GAULTIER* tells us) once were swallered by that pest,

The Cawana, slain by *Shingsby* in the regions of the West.*

Would I were a Snapping Turtle, wot could bolt an alligator;

As a glass of good old Port is swallered by a City waiter!

I would give this Boa Constrictor beans! But I'm a poor old chap;

The Cawana of the City long has lost its power of snap.

Ho! Amalgamation? Quite so! They would have hus "unified,"

Like the Tiger and the Lady—when the Lady was inside!

Then a smile would wreath their features, them perdidious jaws would grin!

As the *Times* says, "Deglutition's" wot they mean—and it's a sin!

Ain't it long, and ain't it whirly? Ain't it got enough to do?

Ain't its tail sufficient curly? Gr-r-r! It makes me shudder through!

Villainous, voracious Ogre, 'orrid mixture of the Grampus,

The omnivorous Cassowary, and the gluttonous Catawampus!

Two ways of Amalgamation? That's its narsty wicket wit!

Knows pertickler well, it do, the brute, that I can't swaller it!

Gorge quite rises at the notion! Sooner swig South Afric Sherry.

Therefore in them "Draft Proposals" at my case it's making merry.

* See "The Fight with the Snapping Turtle" in the *BON GAULTIER* Ballads.

Br-r-r! Them orful gaping jaws! Ouf-f-f! that ojus pisonous breath!

In its orful coils 'twould scrunch me, simply "cuddle" me to death.

Oh, the dear old days departed! *RITCHIE* was a dreadful goose

This confounded County Council Boa Constrictor to let loose.

Might ha' known jest wot would happen. *Times* suggests as I'll be

beaten, [eaten]

Jest because I wouldn't name the sauce with which I would be

Don't want to be gulped at all; prefer my present proud position

To that same Amalgamation, wick is simply "deglutition":

Oh! for a St. George, a civic one, to slay this hungry Dragon!

Wouldn't I jest drink his health in prime Madeiry, a full flagon?

Howsomever, if the Boa is to be the final victor,

If my doom is to be swallered by this terrible Constrictor,

I will do as *Philip Shingsby* did; I'll struggle, stab and kick,

And if I can't kill the crittur, I will make it very sick!

THE VERY LATEST THEORY ABOUT SHAKESPEARE.—*MR. LECKY*, speaking at the recent banquet in honour of *BARON VAN GOLTSTEIN*, suggested that SHAKESPEARE might have been inspired by CATS. We think that the *Daily Telegraph*, in putting it "cats," has stumbled upon the truth. Of course, SHAKESPEARE'S having derived inspiration from cats accounts perfectly for the fact that throughout his works he has not a single good word for dogs. We require a little more time to think over the connection between cats' nine lives and SHAKESPEARE'S immortality.

Entre Eux.

Elle. "Done yet?" I've only just begun.

Lui. Great Scott! then when will you get through it?

Elle. "A woman's work is never done."

Lui. But who the dickens couldn't do it?

VERY APPROPRIATE.—Says 'ARRY, "Regular good place for a medical man to live in is 'Ill Street, Berkeley Square. But why don't he cure it and make it Quite Well Street?"

A SIGN OF REVIVING TRADE.—Great activity lately observed amongst Cabinet-makers.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

(AS OBSERVED AT OLYMPIA.)

IN THE RUE DU SULTAN. TIME—ABOUT 7.45 P.M.

A Born Leader (to a personally-conducted party of three *Mild Maiden Ladies*). No, no; I'll tell you when it's time to go to our seats—you leave all that to me—I've been here before. I've got your tickets; and all you've got to do is to follow me. We'll go into the City and see the Carpet Factory first of all.

First Mild Maiden Lady (as they scuttle along in his wake). Such a comfort having dear Edward with us! Now we're certain not to miss anything. . . . Oh, do look at that embroidery—such a sweet pattern! I really must just—

Dear Edward (authoritatively). Now look here, SELINA, you can't stop for that nonsense now. If we're going to see that Carpet Factory we must keep together, and look alive.

(*They keep together, and look as alive as they can.*)
Second M. M. L. (out of breath). One moment, dear Edward; do let's see what all those people are looking at in the glass case there!

Dear Edward. You'll have time to see that after we've done the carpets, JEMIMA. It's only the Moorish Harem; nothing in your line, you know.

Jemima (to herself, disappointed). I should like to know what a Harem is like; but I suppose dear EDWARD knows best. Perhaps carpet-making is more instructive.

(*They enter the City.*)
IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL MOORISH HAREM.

Several young ladies, of considerable personal attractions, are indolently reclining on *dicans*, behind a large sheet of plate glass; some unnaturally unconscious, others calmly disdainful, of the spectators who pass open-mouthed between the barriers.

Mr. Meekin (to his wife). It looks very luxurious, doesn't it, my dear? Do you know, I think that sort of thing would be rather nice in our back drawing-room!

Mrs. Meekin. JAMES, if you have brought me here only to insult me—!

[JAMES realises—too late—that his remark is painfully open to misinterpretation.

A Scandalised Matron (most unjustly, so far as a male eye can detect). The paint that thick on their faces, you could take a knife and scrape it off! Ah, and I'd like to do it too!

Her Companion (with equal acerbity). And no such particular beauties either, that I can see!

The Severe Matron. Downright plain I call them. And not one o' the lot with a bit o' useful work in her hands—if it was only knitting. Laying there like that, doin' nothing but stare people out o' countenance!

(*She glares at the Lights of the Harem, who, not having heard these candid comments, preserve their composure.*)

A Practical Humourist (who never neglects an opening). Pardon me, Ma'am, but surely you're aware they're only waxwork?

First Matron. Law! you don't mean it? Waxworks! (Relenting.) Well, that's some excuse, certainly!

Her Comp. But there's one o' them just clapped her hands! Perhaps you'll tell me she's waxwork?

The Pr. Hum. It's wonderfully ingenious, I know; you're not the first, I assure you, to be deceived by it. Still, if you listen a moment, you can hear the machinery click.

First M. Why, so you can! Well, the moment I set eyes on them, I noticed there was *something*; they were a deal too nice-lookin' to be natural!

Her Comp. Yes, you wouldn't get such lovely complexions except in wax. Bless me, MARTHA, if there isn't that one over there got a pipe and blowing bubbles—real ones! And look, there's another laughin'. They're nothing but live women after all, the same as ourselves—the forward 'ussies!



"The moment you try rotting them, they get rude!"

(*They look indignantly round for the Practical Humourist, who, however, has disappeared.*)

The Pr. Hum. (seeing a prospect of pulling a Policeman's leg). Oh, Constable, when are the young women inside that cage fed?

The Constable (austerely). You won't see no feeding-time 'ere, Sir, if you want tellin'!

The Pr. Hum. (encouraged by the smiles of the bystanders). Poor things! And they seem so tame, too. Can you tell me, Policeman, is there any place here where I could get a bag of nuts for them?

The Const. You ask at the Refreshment Bar and I daresay you can git a bag; and you can put your own nut in it, then they won't 'ave the trouble o' crackin' it. Pars along, please!

The Pr. Hum. (to himself as he passes along, slightly out of countenance). That's the worst of Policemen; the moment you try rotting them, they get rude!

IN THE RUE DE VALIDE.

Chorus of Cigarette-sellers. Verri nahce seegahrettes, verri pretti seegahrettes, verri speshal seegahrettes! Sare, vill you try? seekspence ze boy!

An Elderly Oriental (at an embroidery stall). 'Ere, Meesis, come 'ere! I show you. Nossing to pay! You look 'ere. Sirty sheelang! Ver lucky ting in de 'ouse, ver lucky! You buy somsing, Meesis! Meesterr pay!

(*Which "Meesterr," on recovering from his amusement at the mere suggestion, generally finds he has to do.*)

A Grim Old Lady. I want a Turk's 'Ed.

The Elderly Oriental (startled). Bismillah! Meesis, you demand a Turk's 'Ed?

The G. O. L. I thought I could get one better 'ere, p'rape—a Turk's 'Ed—don't you understand?—haven't you got one?

The Eld. Or. (to himself). Mashallah! Does she think to beguile me? Truly the manners of these Frankish females are bold! (Aloud, discreetly.) I unnerstand nossing at all.

The G. O. L. (with distinctness). I want a Turk's 'Ed, on a long pole.

The Eld. Or. (mystified). I see. You have enemy viz a Turk. You seek revenge—yes? (To himself.) Terrible these elderly unbelievers!

The G. O. L. Revenge? Rubbish! You know what I mean—a thing you dust a ceilink with—all feathers.

The Eld. Or. Oh, Meesis, my poor old hade is no more all fezzers, and I do not employ him to dust. I show you pair of sleepares—vare sheap. Look!

The G. O. L. Bless the man! If I wanted slippers, I've a tongue in my head, I suppose. But it is ridiculous to come to a place like Constantinople, and find they've never 'eard of a Turk's 'Ed there!

[*She mores on.*]

The Eld. Or. (looking after her in amazement). What is she seeking? But why do I trouble myself? Allah has afflicted her, and she speaks words without meaning. Yes, it is that, without doubt.

Dear Edward (at the head of his Flying Column). No; the carpets don't seem to be down here either. We must go across the bridge, and try the other side. Come on!

Cecilia (to SELINA). I do wish EDWARD would ask one of the attendants—couldn't we get him to?

Selina. I don't quite think he would like it, dear; he's been here before, you know!

IN THE GALATA TOWER.

Dear Edward (in front, as usual). Getting to it now. The board said "This way to the Carpet Factory," didn't it? . . . Hullo, we're wrong again! This is a panorama. Very pretty, I daresay, but we've no time to waste over it. We must find these carpets. I remember now; they're on the upper floor, of course!

IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS MUSEUM.

Jemima (plaintively). EDWARD, do stop one minute; there's Fatima at Bluebeard's cupboard; the door's just opening!

Edward. Can't stop for those old fairy tales now; we're close to the carpets. Hurry up! [They hurry up.]

IN THE PLACE STAMBOUL.

Dear Edward. Well, it's very funny I can't find that Carpet Factory when I know exactly where it is. And the Show's begun long ago. We'll just try in here. . . . No, that's the Mosque—nothing to see there. We'd better go and take our seats, I suppose. (They return to the Rue du Sultan). Now—you've got the tickets.

Jemima, Selina and Cecilia. No, dear EDWARD, don't you remember you said you would keep them!

Edward. I? nonsense! (Searching.) They're not in any of my pockets, so you must have lost them between you. Still, if you

remember the block and the numbers—(they shake their heads). Ah, that's the worst of taking you anywhere! Well, it's absurd to pay twice over; we must make the best of it, that's all. It don't matter to me, because I've seen the Show. We'll go back to the City and have another hunt for those carpets. [They do.]

NEAR THE EXIT: ABOUT 10.30 P.M.

Cecilia (to her sister). JEMIMA, what do you think? EDWARD had the tickets after all; he's just pulled them out with his watch!

Jemima. Has he? I'm so glad. I was sure he was worrying all the evening thinking we'd lost them. And after all, we *did* find the Carpet Factory at last; though it was a pity they'd stopped working, because it was such a disappointment for dear EDWARD!

THE QUITE "NEW AND ORIGINAL" BOY AT TERRY'S.

THAT, in his chief features, *The New Boy* bears a striking resemblance to *Vice Versa* is a fact that seems to be generally admitted. Mr. LAW in his farce has dispensed with the magical machinery used by Mr. GUTHRIE in his inimitably humorous romance of world-wide fame. The hero of this farce is transformed into the boy, and has to bear all the ills that school-boy flesh is heir to; which is just exactly the main idea of the plot of *Vice Versa*. Evident, therefore, as it may be, that LAW went to GUTHRIE, it is by no means clear that any good grounds exist for GUTHRIE going to law.

The best written scenes of Mr. LAW's "New and original farcical comedy" which justify him in applying the term "comedy" to his farcical work (that is neither "new" nor "original" if founded on the story of *Vice Versa*) is just that portion of it with which the essential portion of the *Vice Versa* story has necessarily nothing whatever to do, I mean the scenes between the Irish adventurer, Mrs. Rennick and Dr. Candy; those between *Théodore de Brizac* and *Nancy Roach*; and those also between the latter and her father.

The two characters that stand out in this piece are *Felix Roach*, which is admirably played by Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE, and the French Usher, perfectly impersonated by Mr. SYDNEY WARDEN, the best Frenchman on the stage since the days of Monsieur MARIUS at the Strand. Mr. BEAUCHAMP's Dr. Candy is very good, and Mr. T. PALMER, as the irate Farmer, is a first-rate bit of character, not a bit too highly coloured, not the least overdone; and this may be truthfully said in praise of every one all round in about as complete a cast as has been seen on the boards of any theatre for a considerable time.

Miss MAY PALFREY is quite the school-girlish flirt, and Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS as *Bullock Major* (a name borrowed, if I mistake not, from THACKERAY) is the big bully boy to the very life, loud voiced, overgrown, uncouth. The small part of the maid at the school is neither overdone nor underdone, but just done enough by Miss ESMÉ BERINGER.

The disadvantage to the story in the lack of that supernatural *modus operandi* which sustained *Vice Versa* is nowhere more apparent in this farcical comedy than in the part of the mother, played by Miss GLADYS HOMPFEY. The Author may thank this clever actress for a good deal, but the piece could not have been saved by her, had not the cast been so judiciously selected as it has been presumably by the new theatrical lessee, Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, who at Terry's is in more senses than one, *The New Boy*.

Irresistibly droll and occasionally irritatingly pathetic as is Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH in this part of the husband, *Archibald Rennick*, who masquerades as *Freddy*, his own wife's son, yet it would be very easy for the Author to have given us too much of this good thing; and genuinely absurd as are the scenes in which the unfortunate *Archie* appears, yet the action, when he is not on the stage, is never for one moment dull, and it is just in this respect that

this piece, *quâ* piece, ("cast" included, of course) has the advantage over its near relative, *Charley's Aunt*, which, when Mr. PENLEY is on the stage, goes with a continuous roar, but when he is off tends to be wearisome. Comparisons are to be avoided, as a rule, but in this instance they are most decidedly invited. *Charley's Aunt* is emphatically a one-part piece, but this is not the case with *The New Boy*; and it never could have jumped so suddenly into

public favour, had it not been for its good comedy scenes, carried on by an excellent *dramatis persona*.

Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH does not look quite young enough to deceive the schoolmaster, the usher, the schoolgirl, and the knowing Irish cousin. He could improve his "make-up" by giving himself a fresher and healthier colour, and instead of wearing a costume such as is displayed in a boy's tailor's shop window, he should be dressed in "Etons" as is the Thackerayan *Bullock Major*. Mr. WEEDON's boy belongs to a Sunday School lot, and not to the establishment of Dr. Candy, LL.D., who presumably prepares his pupils for Eton, Harrow and Winchester, and who are not so "grown up" as to have dropped all acquaintance with the cane. Anyhow, this is the "dressing" I would suggest for *The New Boy*, who will have outgrown everything except his popularity by the time he has become "an old boy." B. IN THE BOX.

"COMPULSORY PURCHASE OF LAND IN IRELAND."—"Now," said Mrs. R., "I do not understand *this*. Are we all to be compelled to buy land in Ireland? I can't do it. I haven't the money. And, even if I could, I don't want to live there as a landlady, and perhaps be shot at and not missed!"

OBVIOUS.—It was not the Board of Trade that cruelly refused the Pedometer to the Marylebone Police Court, as inadvertently stated by one of Mr. Punch's attachés the other day, but the Board of Works. Apologies, therefore, to Mr. MUNDILLA and his merry men. The slip

was, of course, due to the frost. "Measure space?" says the Board of Works to the Police Court; "you'd much better mark time!" And so it is doing, in the matter of cab-fare disputes. The best advice to cab-patrons who have been charged for four miles after they have only been driven three, and who are thinking of visiting the Court, is—"keep your distance!"

DELIGHTFUL NEWS FOR SANDFORD AND MERTON.—The Archbishop of CANTERBURY has recently appointed "The Rev. Mr. BARLOW" to be "one of the Assistant Bishops in Japan"! Will he take out S. and M. with him as two chorister boys?

THE NEW CORPORATION OF THE CITY, OR COUNTY COUNCIL WRIT LARGER THAN EVER.—The LORD MAYOR is to be merely ornamental, not useful, and he may have a Show . . . if he likes to pay for it!! O Ichabod! Ichabod! How is this ancient Corporation to be Ichabodified!!



Mr. Anstey Guthrie (to New Boy). "I say, Freddy, surely I've seen you before! Ever read *Vice Versa*?"
The New Boy. "Oh, Law!"



THE NEW HUMOUR.

"AND I HEAR YOUR DEAR LITTLE BOY IS SO AMUSING!"
 "WELL—YES, CONSIDERING HE'S ONLY FOUR! DID I TELL YOU HIS JOKE WITH THE OLD ADMIRAL THE OTHER DAY? HE HANDED HIM THE SALT INSTEAD OF THE SUGAR; AND THE ADMIRAL (WHO'S BLIND, YOU KNOW) ACTUALLY PUT IT INTO HIS TEA!"
 "OH, THAT'S TOO DROLL! YOU MUST SEND THAT TO PUNCH!"

[Does so.]

UNARMING.

"Unarm—the long day's task is done."
Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Scene 12.

At last!—Chill phrase by loyal love abhorred!
 There lives a lingering sadness in each word!—
 At last the unvanquished knight suspends his sword.

The *Lancelot* of our lists for so long years,
 Victor so oft amidst loud storm of cheers;
 Shall not such passing touch the source of tears?

Not *Arthur's* passing, out from living sight,
 But the withdrawal of the war-worn knight
 From the glad fray and the fierce joy of fight.

War-worn but yet unbroken, straight and strong,
 We hoped he yet should head the charge for long,
 The star of battle and the theme of song.

It scarcely seemed old Time himself had force
 This many-laurelled champion to unhorse,
 Shiver his lance, or stay his conquering course.

From clustering jet to scattered silver went
 The hero's locks, yet left his frame unbent,
 His courage unimpaired, his strength unspent.

He seemed of Age, as of all lesser foes,
 The easy master in the ceaseless close.
 Renewed in strength from every bout he rose.

"He's down—at last!" foes cried full many a time;
 "His strength is sapped, shorn is his crest sublime."
 He rose, and amote, and won as in full prime.

E'en now his four-score years bow not his crest.
 With sword unsheathed or lance in rest,
 He looks the ready chief disdainingly.

Yet he hangs up that sword, that lance lays by,
 Conscious, though loud applauding cohorts cry,
 Of failing vigour and of dimming eye.

"The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep"
 Time's battery from the heart. The cruel creep
 Of the slow years bears all to the great deep.

Bears champion with coward, knight with clown.
 The hero of a hundred fights steps down,
 Hangs up the sheathed sword, and takes the crown.

"No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
 You have been nobly borne." So, in proud woe,
 Cried Roman *Antony*, by love laid low.

"Unarm, *Eros*; the long day's task is done,"
 This is no *Antony*; here's a nobler one;
 Yet like the Roman his great course is run.

From source to sea a fair full-flooded flow
 Of stainless waters, swelling as they go,
 Now widening broad in the sun's westering glow.

Broad widening to the ocean, whither all
 The round world's fertilising floods must fall.
 The sweeping river with the streamlet small.

Hang up the sword! It struck its latest stroke,
 A swashing one, there where the closed ranks broke
 Into wild cheers that all the echoes woke.

That stroke, the last, was swift, and strong, and keen.
 Now hang thou there, though sheathed, yet silver-clean,
 For never felon stroke has dimmed thy sheen!

For thee, good knight and grey, whose gleaming crest
 Leads us no longer, every generous breast
 Breathes benediction on thy well-won rest.

The field looks bare without thee, and o'ercast
 With dark and ominous shadows, and thy last
Reveille was a rousing battle-blast!

But though with us the strife may hardly cease,
 We wish thee in well-earned late-coming ease,
 Long happy years of honourable peace!



UNARMING.

"UNARM!—THE LONG DAY'S TASK IS DONE!"

Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Scene 12.



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A RAID ON A COCKROACH CLUB.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, March 1.—Mr. G., Downing Street, S.W., to Toby, M.P., Tropics, E.C. Come back at once. Some people say I'm going to resign. Others say I'm not. Come along, and tell me how it is.

In obedience to this summons, left South Africa with its glorious sunlight, its blue mountains, its soft South Atlantic sea, its peach gardens, and its vineyards; hastened home to Westminster. Was what people here fatuously call a fine day when we arrived; at least, not raining; something glimmering in sky that looked like the sun after severe attack of influenza.

"Sunlight and water, I call it," said SARK, gloomily looking at the best that can be done in London in March.

Got down to House just in time to see Mr. G. enter. On the whole, since he leaves the point to me, I should say, on question submitted in his telegram, "The Noes have it." There is no resignation in that eye with which he surveys the House, crowded in every part. More than two months since I was here; seems as if nothing had passed; certainly the Parish Councils Bill hasn't. House engaged on its consideration when, before Christmas, SARK and I paired and went off. On it still; Mr. G.'s speech makes clear that the end has come at last. The Lords have proved contumelious to the end.

"Very well," says Mr. G., taking that august assembly by the ear (so to speak), and vigorously shaking it; "you shall have your own way, you bad, ungrateful boy. But it will be only for a while. If we thwart you now you'll only kick and scream and tear the Bill to ribbons, at a time when we have no alternative but to cast the fragments away. So we'll take it as you have left it, and put it on the shelf. By-and-by, at a more convenient season, we'll have it out with you. There's a long score to settle; we'll choose our time for taking the work in hand, and we'll do it thoroughly, settling it once for all."

Radicals screamed with delight at prospect thus opened up. Haughty aristocrats like ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight) curled the lip, and scornfully laughed, "Ha, ha!" SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, encouraged by this incitement to anarchy, crossed the floor and made an attempt, ineffective at first onslaught,

to eject ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who, finding no place on crowded Treasury Bench, had appropriated SAGE's seat below Gangway. Two dozen Peers cowered in the Gallery over the clock. Mr. ARCH rose to his feet and waved his hat; PRINCE ARTHUR, stepping into arena, picked up the glove thrown down by Mr. G., and flung it back.

Listening to his brave words, gazing upon his fearless port, Peers in the Gallery plucked up courage. When, fixing a glittering eye on Mr. G., who having delivered his challenge had relapsed into attitude almost of humility, PRINCE ARTHUR said, "Let me tell the right hon. gentleman we look forward without dismay to the fight," ASHBOURNE in Peers Gallery half rose to his feet and made as though he, too, would wave his hat. "Nay," said Lord MORRIS in his grave, solemn tones. "Nay, my brother, let us leave these ill-considered ebullitions to the newer nobility;" and his dreamy eye rested for a moment on Lord ROWTON, who made no sign.

A historic scene; a fine audience; two speeches worthy of the occasion; and so home to prepare for the new Session. "Do you really think he's going to resign?" I asked the old friend whom it's so hard to call anything but HARTINGTON.

"Well, Toby," said the DUKE, "you ought to know better than I, since I'm no longer in his confidence. But it's hard to see how a man can make a speech like that, opening up a new and desperate campaign, on the eve of the day when he himself lays down his arms. It's too reminiscent of another great soldier,

Who fled full soon on the first of June,
And bade the rest keep fighting."

Business done.—The Session's. HENRY FOWLER goes home, carrying in his bosom the one ewe lamb that has survived the blizzard, a survival largely due to his solicitude and Parliamentary skill.

Monday.—After all Mr. G. is going, not to say gone. Secret well kept to the end. House knows now that the speech it listened to on Thursday was the last he will ever deliver as Minister of the Crown; possibly the very last of the incomparable oration that has flashed across the House of Commons through these more than sixty years. The few Members present to-day to witness barren ceremony of Prorogation tread softly, as if in presence of a great bereavement. Tories, Radicals, Liberals, Conservatives, Unionists, Parnellites, Nationalists, whatever we be, we are each all one in our homage to the greatest Parliament man known since Parliament began.

Business done.—Prorogation.



Toby and the "Dook" cross Palace Yard.

ITALIAN FINANCE.

(From the Newspapers of the next Century.)

YESTERDAY SIGNOR GRASPI made his statement of the proposed new taxes. He said that unhappily there is now a deficit of twenty billions of lire, but that the Government hoped to meet this by increased taxation, and not by any reduction of the Army or Navy. (Loud applause from the two deputies present, both supporters of the Government.) (It may be explained that all the members of the Opposition are now loaded with fetters, and imprisoned in the deepest dungeons of the Castle of Sant' Angelo. The supporters of the Government, except two required to form a quorum, are serving with the colours.) The Minister said that it gave him great pleasure to reflect that every Italian, even if blind or lame, is now a soldier or a sailor. He had just received a telegram stating that, in the wildest portion of the Apennines, another man had been discovered. Unfortunately, he was over eighty years old, and bedridden. Nevertheless, he had been added to the reserve forces, and had increased the nominal strength of the army to 26,349,001, including the immense reserve of female militia, now in a most flourishing condition. (Loud cheers.) The Navy was also in a most efficient state, and Italy was with justice proud of her 270,600 sailors, male and female. (Re-



TAKING THINGS TOO MUCH FOR GRANTED!

She. "YES; AND DIDN'T YOUNG CONTERS LOOK SLENDID AS MEPHISTOPHELES! ALL IN RED—EVERY INCH A PRINCE!"

He. "MY LOVE, MEPHISTOPHELES IN RED IS A MISTAKE. REMEMBER WHO HE IS AND WHAT HE REPRESENTS. THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN PAINTED BLACK—AND BLACK HE IS, AND BLACK HE ALWAYS WILL BE!"

She. "AH, YOU 'LL FIND YOU'RE WRONG!"

newed applause.) He had now to consider the increase of taxation necessary to maintain this state of efficiency. It would be difficult to add to the existing octroi duties on bread, now at five lire the loaf; or on water, at two lire the pint. (Here one of the deputies fainted from exhaustion, and was carried out. It was stated that he had had no food for three days.) It was also unfortunately impossible to increase the income-tax, now at 39 centesimi in the lira, exclusive of other duties, since no one had any income to tax. (Here the other deputy took three 10-centesimi pieces from his pocket, and gazed mournfully at them.) It had therefore been resolved to place a tax on air, and a Royal Decree had just been published forbidding any person to breathe except on payment of 15 centesimi for each inflation of the lungs. (Here the Deputy left the chamber hastily, in search of the Tax Collector for the district.) "Gentlemen of the Government," concluded Signor GRASPI, "since there is no one else here, it is evident that these measures will be passed, so that our country, still maintaining her glorious Army, more numerous by five persons than that of Russia, and her magnificent Navy, more powerful by one torpedo-boat than that of France, can hold her rightful place amongst the Great Powers, and hand down to posterity a record of untarnished glory."

A DOMESTIC ECLOGUE.

STREPHON. AMANDA. PHYLLIS.

Strephon. Cold is the mutton now. It was not so, My own AMANDA, but a year ago.

Amanda. A year ago for nought did STREPHON care, So his AMANDA were but kind and fair.

Strephon. Accustomed comfort paled its fires awhile In the new splendour of AMANDA'S smile.

Amanda. Not mine a smiling countenance to keep Only as rival to a silly sheep.

Strephon. Yet, as a favour to your faithful shepherd, You might at least have had it grilled and pepper'd.

Amanda. Pepper'd and grill'd! A year ago you said, While that wild waltz the Blue Bohemians play'd, We'd live, like birds, on love and lemonade.

Strephon. Nay, my AMANDA, it were sure absurd To proffer lemonade to any bird.

Amanda. Not more absurd than that AMANDA'S winner Should hold her rather cheaper than his dinner.

Strephon. Now, nay, AMANDA, nay! A crust would be Better than any feast not shared with thee!

Amanda. Poor STREPHON, how I picture your disgust At sitting down to only me and crust!

Strephon. Indeed, your hardy STREPHON would not care, So there were any reason for such fare.

Amanda. If thus your vows and pledges you forget, It is a pity that we ever met.

Strephon. Nay, flush not so, nor toss your pretty head; And, please, don't add you wish that you were dead!

Amanda. Ha, ha! Indeed I do not care a button For you, or life, or love that reeks of mutton.

Strephon. How now, neat-handed PHYLLIS! Tell the worst— This day, ill-omened, is on horrors nursed—

Is 't burglars, beetles, or the boiler burst?

Phyllis. Sir, while I talked with Mr. CHALKER'S man, What time the milk was pouring from the can,

Hylax the larder entered, seized the meat, And scampered with it far adown the street!

Strephon. Is that the worst? Then, PHYLLIS, dry your eyes. Nor maids nor milkmen can be always wise.

While Hylax takes the mutton for a tour, Revenons à nos premiers amours.

Amanda. Now your AMANDA you've again embraced, Hylax shall have a collar richly chased.

Sharp was the pain, the bliss is trebly sweet.

Strephon. This day shall aye be sacred to a treat. Dinner at BONVIVANT'S, and then the play,

And we'll pretend 'tis still our wedding-day

QUITE POSITIVIST!

(A Controversy à la Mode.)

SIR,—I can't stand seeing J-H-N B-RNS abused by a Republican Boatswain like "Mad FR-D." Ah! How different from the old D-LKE days!

Yours, FR-D-R-C H-R-R-S-N.

P.S.—Kindly see that you omit the "k."

SIR,—I'm not going to be called a Republican Boatswain by "Sad FR-D-R-CK."

Yours, FR-D M-XSE.

P.S.—Kindly print the "k."

SIR,—Mr. H-R-R-SON'S statements are incorrect. I never did nor said what he suggests.

Yours, CH-RL-S W. D-LKE.

SIR,—Don't believe any of them. I remember all the events perfectly.

Yours, J. M-R-R-S-N D-V-DS-N.

SIR,—I stick to what I said. It still makes me ill to think of J-H-N B-RNS being railed at by a turncoat Lieutenant.

Yours, F. H.

SIR,—Hurrah! Promoted from Boatswain to Lieutenant.

Yours, F. M.

[This correspondence, for once in a way not a put up thing, must now cease.]



TRYING!

(Very young Married Woman, dreadfully nervous, presiding at her own "Five o'Clock.")

First Lady. "NO SUGAR IN MY TEA, PLEASE!"

Second Lady. "OH, PLEASE, ONLY A VERY LITTLE MILK IN MY TEA!"

Third Lady. "OH, PARDON! NO MILK AT ALL IN MY TEA!"

Fourth Lady. "NO CREAM, PLEASE, IN MY TEA!"

Cantankerous Old Gentleman. "UM! NO WATER IN MY TEA, PLEASE!"

LAYS FROM THE LINKS.

I.—THE HISTORY OF A MATCH.

LET A be the Links where I went down to stay,
And B be the man whom I challenged to play:—

C was the Caddie no golfer's without,
D was the Driver I used going "out";
E was the Extra loud "Fore!" we both holloa-ed,

F was the Fizzle which commonly followed:
G was the Green which I longed to approach,
H was the Hazard which upset the coach:
I was B's Iron-shot (he's good for a younker),
J was his Joy when I pitched in the bunker.
K was the Kodak, that mischief-contriver,
L was B's Likeness—on smashing his driver:
M was the Moment he found out 'twas taken.

N was his Niblick around my head shaken:
O was the Oil poured on waters so stormy,
P was the Putt which, next hole, made me dorny.

Q was the Quality—crowds came to look on,
R the Result they were making their book on:
S was the Styrmie I managed to lay,
T was Two more, which it forced him to play;

U was the Usual bad word he let fly,
V was the Vengeance he took in the bye.

W the Whisky that night: I must own
X was its quantity—wholly unknown;
Y were the Yarns which hot whisky combine with,

Z was the Zest which we sang "Auld Lang Syne" with.

A VADE MECUM FOR THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

(Compiled by a Lord Literally in Waiting.)

Question. What are the benefits of having a seat in the House of Peers?

Answer. To receive a large number of Blue Books, to be called upon to dwell for so many hours every year in a particularly draughty Chamber, and to have the daily advantage of seeing oneself abused in a fair proportion of the Press.

Q. Are there any other privileges?

A. To be asked to attend at charity dinners by professional philanthropists and to feed with anobs.

Q. Can you not remember a few more?

A. To be called by tradesmen, self-made millionaires and flunkies, "my lord," and to be charged double everywhere for everything in recognition of one's title.

Q. Are there no duties attached to the position?

A. Certainly. A Peer is supposed to act on behalf of his neighbours, whether they be rich or whether they be poor.

Q. Has he any particular training for this employment?

A. Ninety-nine times out of every hundred he has been educated at a public school, and an university, and five times out of every half dozen his ancestors for a generation or two have been gentlemen.

Q. Surely this should give some guarantee that a Peer will understand the meaning of noblesse oblige?

A. So it would seem to every one save the Editor of a radical and levelling newspaper.

Q. Are there not Second Chambers in every country under the sun?

A. I think so, but geography was not my strongest point when I was at Eton.

Q. And as a whole the debates and divisions of the Upper House have been beneficial to the British Empire?

A. So I believe, although I must confess that I did not pay much attention to Constitutional History when I took my Double First from Christ Church.

Q. Then do you think you should consent to the abolition of the institution of which you form a part?

A. No; because I should be the means of breaking up the British Constitution.

Q. Can you imagine any advantage that could be derived by this English application of the Japanese "Happy Dispatch"?

A. Only the questionable merit of pleasing Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

Q. And would this merit compensate for the demerits of the scheme?

A. I venture to think not, although, of course, every one would be delighted to oblige the senior Member for Northampton for the sake of his uncle, the late Lord TAUNTON.

Q. Then what course do you propose to pursue?

A. To let well alone, although Truth may be at the bottom of it.

"Il Faut Souffrir."

"Il faut souffrir pour être belle,"
So ladies say, and mean as well;
For, truly, they will lace and pinch,
And die before they yield an inch.
But what of those who have to pay
For corsets, boots, etceteray?
Do husbands never sigh, "Il faut
Souffrir pour avoir été beau"?

A BALLAD OF BABBLE.

"My only books were women's—lips."

["Lip-reading is understood to be the latest craze which will occupy the spare time of Society in place of banjo-playing and skirt-dancing."—*Graphic*, February 24.]

THE banjo's laid by in Belgravia,
And lithe LETTY LIND's in eclipse:

We must now learn to spell from each blue-blooded belle,
What is speechlessly lisped by her lips,
Her laconic, if beautiful, lips.

No longer will babble of Babel
The listener baffle and beat!
Blest silence will lap in the bliss of La Trappe
The boudoirs of London's *élite*,
Where abide the loquacious *élite*.

Oh, bonny 's the lay of the bulbul,
And lilt of the lark up above; [kissed]
But 'tis better to list to the dumb language,
From the lips of the lass that you love,
The blithe little lass that you love!

Then let us all boldly take lessons;
To make a beginning we burn! [LILTS—]
We'll write no more *billets* to BELLAS or
The art of lip-reading we'll learn,
Yes, labial lallation we'll learn!

THE OLD HALL.

(A Story of Delusive Aspirations.)



1. Jones was a tuft-hunter. One day, in a train, he encountered an elderly gentleman who aroused great interest in his bosom. "Porter," said that elderly gentleman, "'ave you seen my old hall?" "Got an old hall!" murmured Jones to himself. "Rich man—probably duke! Should like to cultivate him!"



2. The Stranger was affable. "Did you ever 'ave an old hall?" he said. "Why—er—n-no," said Jones. "Very convenient thing to 'ave," said the Stranger. "I've got all manner o' things in my old hall." "Ah—armour, and ancestors, and tapestry, and secret doors, no doubt," thought Jones to himself.



3. "You must see my old hall," said the Stranger. "I'll show you all the ins and outs of it. I can put you up—" "Really very good of you!" exclaimed Jones. "Shall be delighted to accept—" "Put you up to no hend of wrinkles about old halls," continued the Stranger.



4. They alighted at the terminus. "There—there's my old hall! Hain't it a beauty?" said the Stranger. Jones sank slowly to the earth, without a groan. That ungrammatical Stranger's vaunted possession was a hold-all!

OUT OF DATE.

SCENE—Glide in the Paradise of Fiction. Group of Modern Heroines, from IBSEN, TOLSTOI, JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, and others, reposing under the trees in artistic attitudes.

Enter ROSALIND on the left, gazing round in search of someone. The eyes of all the Modern Heroines are immediately fastened on her.

First Modern Heroine. That's SHAKESPEARE!

Second M. H.

As You Like It.

Third M. H.

With disdain

He must have pictured her!

Fourth M. H.

He wrote for gain

Third M. H. She looks so cheerful!

Fourth M. H.

And so very sane

Third M. H. (sardonically). She's pretty

First M. H. (sharply).

Well, we cannot all be plain!

Fourth M. H. She didn't put a bullet through her brain!

Fifth M. H. Nor fling herself into the restless main!

Sixth M. H. Nor underneath the nearest railway train.

Seventh M. H. She didn't find that life was wholly vain

And loathsome, nor strive wildly to attain

Through gulfs of unimaginable pain!

Enter ORLANDO on right. ROSALIND, with evident satisfaction, hastens to meet him. Exit ROSALIND and ORLANDO.

Fourth M. H. (sternly). It is with deep regret we ascertain
She loves the man she married!

First M. H.

Too inane!

Chorus of M. H.'s (with a heavy sigh).

It somehow seems—so—utterly—profane!

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